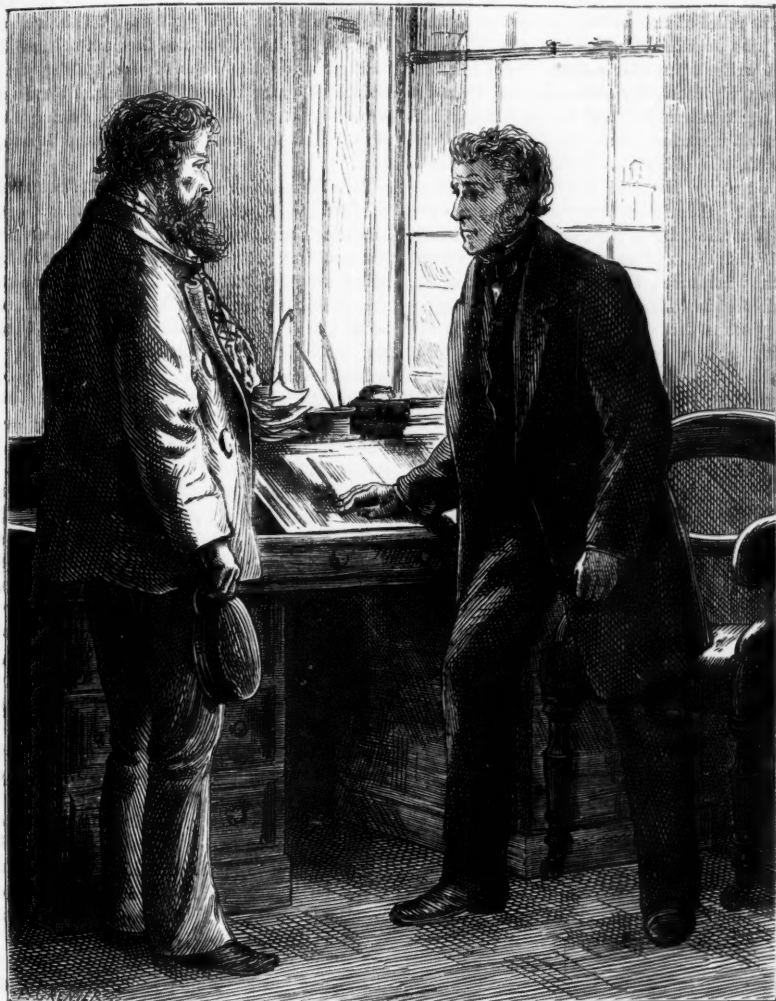


THE QUIVER

Saturday, March 18, 1871.



"Bless me! can it be Captain Kendrick?"—p. 370.

JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.—CAPTAIN KENDRICK.

MATTHEW ROBINSON was seated at his office desk writing to his brother, who had not yet returned from London. He had Josiah's last letter open before him, and as he wrote, indulged

in a kind of grumbling accompaniment to his pen.
"I wonder how much longer he means to stay away, and how he expects me to get on without

him? But it's just like Josiah—short of promptness and forethought. He's sure, but slow—decidedly slow. If it hadn't been for things being so brisk, and the business appointments I have made, I'd run over myself, and dispatch the business in quick time. He doesn't say it, but I suspect that he has his hands full of philanthropic meetings, and associations for the relief of this and the promotion of that; he wouldn't be Josiah Robinson if he hadn't."

Here the writer's pen took a fresh dip of ink, and scratched on vigorously for some seconds; then the letter was again referred to, and an obnoxious paragraph pounced upon for comment.

"Met with the old man, David Ashton; has a surprise in reserve for me. Why can't Josiah be more explicit? I don't know what the surprise can be, except that the debt is paid off, which is hardly likely. My judgment of character certainly was at fault in that instance; but in one sense that old man will do Josiah harm, he will be always quoting him in support of his quixotic theories, and it will end in getting him terribly imposed upon. But what is this about the granddaughter? 'Such a beautiful young girl, Matthew, fresh and sweet as a rosebud, I took quite a liking to her.' Nonsense! at Josiah's time of life, what does he mean by taking likings to girls and talking about rosebuds? I see now, that if I had not been always at his elbow, he would have got himself entangled by some designing female long before this. I must draw him out on the subject; not that I suspect anything here, *that* would be too absurd."

At this point Matthew ruffled his hair from his temple with the tip of his pen, and refolding his brother's letter, pushed it from him in a high state of irritation. Just then there was a knock at the door, and in answer to his laconic inquiry, "Well, what is it?" the door was opened, and one of the clerks presented himself.

"There's a person wishes to see you, sir."

"Wishes to see me! upon what business?"

"He refuses to say; for when I questioned him, he asked me if I was Mr. Robinson, adding that if I did not carry his message, he would save me the trouble."

Matthew Robinson considered a moment, then said, "I won't see him, Morrison; say I am engaged."

Before the clerk had time to leave the office, the person to whom this message was to be delivered made his appearance on the threshold—a tall man, whose age it was not easy to guess.

The clerk Morrison looked inquiringly at his master; he was evidently doubtful how he would regard this unceremonious proceeding on the part of the stranger.

Matthew laid down his pen in astonishment. It was a brown, weather-beaten face that met his hard, scrutinising look, as the man stepped forward. The second glance made him rise from his chair with the exclamation, "Bless me! can it be Captain Kendrick?"

"Yes, Mr. Robinson, it is."

The young clerk here received a sign to withdraw, which he did with apparent reluctance; he was getting interested in the scene, his master's unexpected recognition of the stranger having excited his curiosity.

As the door closed, the merchant motioned his visitor to a seat, saying gravely, "This is a surprise, Captain Kendrick, but not the less welcome that we had given up the hope of ever seeing you again. Before we enter into explanations, let me say that we are glad to see you back, speaking both for myself and my brother Josiah, who is away just now."

The information conveyed in the last words was received with evident disappointment. George Kendrick's errand that day to the office of Robinson Brothers was not a pleasant one; the knowledge that his guarantees had been left to pay his debt, was almost unbearable to his independent spirit, and try as he would, he was unable to throw off the uncomfortable feeling that oppressed him.

Matthew watched him closely. He also was thinking of the unpaid bill, and drawing his own conclusions concerning the worldly position of the sailor, whose blunt sincerity was often at war with his interest. The merchant was the first to speak.

"I presume, Captain Kendrick, that I am to take it for granted you have apprised your relations of your safe return—at least, those who have an immediate interest in it—I mean, of course, the old farmer who became one of the sureties for you, David Ashton?"

"No, Mr. Robinson, I have been unable to overhaul the old man; he has left his old berth, and I don't know where to find him. I came here to-day in hopes of hearing something, for I've been seeking him ever since I came ashore. He's cruising in strange water, unless," here the voice of the speaker grew husky, "unless my good old uncle has slipped the anchor of this life."

"David Ashton is still alive, Captain Kendrick; but, as you must know, he has had a heavy burden laid upon him—heavier than he could well bear."

George Kendrick's face flushed under the keen, questioning gaze of the merchant; he said, hurriedly, "You mean the five hundred pounds that I owe you?"

"Certainly; we waited some time after the bill became due, in the hope of hearing from you, or some news of your vessel. It was not until we had given up all hope that the claim was made—all possible forbearance has been shown the old man, for which you have to thank, not me, but my brother Josiah. I was not willing to encourage what I did not consider in accordance with business principles; if we had always acted on the same rule, we should not now be in existence as a firm."

The merchant's words brought a troubled look

into the sailor's eyes, and he said, "I must beg you to be more explicit, Mr. Robinson, for I don't understand you. That my uncle has had to pay a portion of the debt, I know; also, that he has given up his farm, for I found strangers there. Remember, sir, I have only been a few days in England."

"Then you are not aware of the bankruptcy and death of Mr. Marples, which left your uncle liable for the whole amount?"

"My poor uncle! with his horror of debt, what will he think of me?" struck in the seaman's agitated voice.

The merchant went on: "And as regards your uncle, Captain Kendrick, I regret to tell you that he also has had pecuniary reverses, and we have been obliged to enter into an arrangement to receive the debt in small monthly payments."

The last words seemed lost upon the listener, who was getting painfully excited—he made no disguise of his emotion.

"Adrift at his age, and I have had a hand in it."

"It is only what you might have expected, unless you had known beforehand that your uncle had a large income, which he does not appear to have had at any time. Excuse me, Captain Kendrick, I may be speaking too plainly; but I am of opinion that nothing short of real necessity can excuse that simple-minded old man being made a loser by his imprudent confidence in another."

"Meaning me, Mr. Robinson; I know where you are steering; but take my word, when I shipped my cargo for that run to California, I never intended either my creditors or my sureties to lose by me, and they shall not, as long as I have hands, and will to work them."

"I should like to hear the cause of your absence, Captain Kendrick; for in these times it is rather a heavy tax on our faith when a man takes out a valuable commercial cargo and we hear no more of him until he may choose to turn up on his own account, when one has had time to forget even the name of his ship."

George Kendrick lifted up his head with a quick gesture of surprise, he had caught the point of the merchant's words, and was deeply hurt by the implied reflection on his honour.

"I reported myself as soon as I was able, Mr. Robinson; your words seem to contain doubt of me. That's a bitter pill for me to swallow, doubly so just now. If you distrust my character, I need only ask you to overhaul the account given in the papers, which I don't think you have seen, or you would not have spoken as you did just now."

Matthew Robinson admitted that he had not. There was a look in the seaman's brown eyes that made him feel uncomfortable. He rather liked the outspoken sailor, and felt sorry for him, and owned it in a manner that satisfied George Kendrick.

Matthew Robinson was not the man to harbour personal enmities, most of his severity arose from what he called business prudence. The hard lines about his mouth relaxed as he listened to Captain Kendrick's condensed but graphic narrative of the loss of his ill-fated vessel, which had foundered in one of the terrific gales that so often sweep over the Pacific. Their only available boat had been hastily packed with water and provisions, and crowded with the crew. "God bless them, I had hard work to get them to leave me." Here the sailor's emotion overpowered him, and it was some seconds before he was able to continue. "I had refused the offer of a place, for there were too many in as it was, and it would only have been robbing them of the chance of saving their lives, so I stayed behind and stood by my ship to the last. I managed to make a raft, and lashing myself to it, trusted the rest to Him who rules the tempest. It seemed to me that I went to sleep at last, waking up in a ship's berth with strange faces about me. I had been picked up by a vessel called the *Ocean Queen*, bound for Rio Janeiro, and was laid up with fever until near the end of the voyage. I came to myself, helpless as a child, and without a shilling in the world to call my own. I never heard how it fared with the poor fellows in the boat, but I have my fears that all went down."

Matthew Robinson shuffled uneasily among the papers; for once the feelings of the man had overcome those of the merchant.

George Kendrick spoke again. "What about my old uncle? I shall have no rest until I see him. I heard in the village that his son was dead, and that the old man was in London."

"Yes; he went to live with some relation of his son's wife."

"Can you put me in the way to find him?"

"Yes; I will refer you to one who will be able to furnish you with all that you want to know."

As Matthew Robinson spoke he took up a slip of paper and wrote down the address of John Hesketh.

CHAPTER LIX.

"WAITED FOR."

BARBARA FENWICK had guessed the truth. Her father did receive a note from Godfrey Marlow on the morning of the day that Eva and her grandfather met Josiah Robinson in the square. As she told her sister, it accounted for her father's disturbed manner during breakfast; and she was right also in the conclusion that it had something to do with his being detained in the City. It was only a hurried visit that he paid to his office that day, staying just long enough to read over the business letters waiting for him on his desk. Before he gave them his attention he opened and re-read the note which had given rise to such uneasiness at home. Both his daughters would have been mystified if

they could have looked over his shoulder and read with him the few words in pencil, which appeared to have been scribbled in haste by an unsteady hand.

"CHARLES FENWICK.—On the tenth of November last, under your own roof, I asked you a question, to which you have never given a reply. Let me have your answer now. I am ill—it may be unto death—and I want to have accounts cleared between us. Will you come to the above address and ask to see

"GODFREY MARLOW?"

The same hand had added an almost illegible postscript.

"It seems to me that you are changing for the better; come and show me if it is real."

Mr. Fenwick slowly refolded the paper and put it back in his pocket-book. He had not altered his resolution.

"No shirking this," he muttered, as he sat down before his desk, preparatory to examining the business letters that lay on it. "I must go at once; it would serve no purpose to stay away and take no notice of his letter, as I first thought of doing. Besides, I am as anxious as he appears to be to have things explained. Does he think I can rest peaceably while he believes me guilty? If I cannot satisfy him that I am innocent, I must know how he means to use his power. It is strange, but I have fancied once or twice that he had a likeness to—but, what am I thinking about? that is impossible. I shall begin to be afraid that my brain is touched."

At this point he began opening the letters, and after carefully reading, and writing upon the corner of each the nature of the reply he wished to be given, he touched a hand-bell that stood on the table. It was answered by his managing clerk.

"Benson, I am called away on important business, and must leave you to manage."

"Very good, sir. Shall I take those letters?"

"Yes. You can see that they are duly replied to. I have left instructions on each for your guidance."

The clerk gathered up the letters, and was about to leave the room, when Mr. Fenwick said, "Stay; in about ten minutes will you send one of the boys to fetch me a Hansom?"

"I will give instructions at once, sir."

Benson kept his word. Punctually at the expiration of the specified ten minutes the lanky office boy was dispatched for the cab, and Mr. Fenwick soon found himself whirling through the busy City streets on his way to the address given in Godfrey Marlow's note.

* * * * *

The deserted-looking old house did not seem to gain in appearance from the April sunshine that was making other places so bright. There was the same dreary, uninhabited look about its windows, and the weedy garden seemed if possible more neglected and forlorn, with the ragged, broken edges and the high

uncut grass running wild over its beds and trailing along its walks. Here and there an effort had been made to reclaim a flower patch from the general waste, but little had been achieved, and the result was melancholy failure. The place had a blighted, unwholesome look in contrast with the soft spring day, and was suggestive of damp and mildew that feeds upon decay. Within the house there was little change. The old couple still vegetated in their underground kitchen. But an event had broken the monotony of their lives: their lodger had fallen ill. It was an attack that seemed like the giving way of the vital forces under some long-continued strain which had sapped the springs of life. This sickness had reduced Godfrey Marlow to a state of helpless dependence, which quickly broke through his habits of proud isolation, and swept down the icy restraints with which he had surrounded himself. In his extremity he was glad to overlook his landlady's faults of inquisitiveness and love of gossip, and avail himself of the friendly services in which she developed a fund of disinterested kindness for which he had never given her credit. It was with her aid that he managed to scribble the letter to Mr. Fenwick, which she undertook to transmit to the post. He showed such anxiety about it, and as the day drew on became so restless and uneasy, asking so many questions about the time, also where she had posted the letter, and whether she was sure it was in time for the evening collection, that old Martha made up her mind that he was expecting a visit from somebody, and gravely hinted to her husband her suspicion that there was a reason for Mr. Marlow's queer ways.

"I'm never far wrong, as you know, Martin. Well, ever since that letter went he's done nothing but worry. He seems to be listening all the time, and it's my belief that he's some trouble on his mind that he wants to confess to somebody in case he shouldn't get better."

There was something sad about Godfrey Marlow's helplessness and forced dependence upon others. It seemed like humiliation to the proud, self-contained nature; something sad also in the utter impotence of the strong will in its struggle with the weakness which held the body captive. There he lay, listening and watching, until each sense ached with the strain, and his mind wearied of the perpetual repetition of objects; he grew tired of counting the cracks in the plaster of the ceiling, and making revisions of the chipped marble mantelpiece and the broken bits of carving which seemed to irritate him in his present mood.

"Will he come, or will he throw my letter aside and take no notice, trusting to death to rid him of me?"

These were the questions which he kept repeating to himself as his eyes followed the faint rays of sunshine which now and then struggled in through the dust-dimmed window and the heavy stuff cur-

tain that fell like a pall between him and the fair light of the outside world. At last he fell into a sort of doze, from which he was wakened by a knocking at the hall door. The deaf old couple evidently did not hear it, for it was left unanswered until the knock was repeated. The sick man raised himself on his elbow and listened, every nerve quivering with im-

patience. At last he heard the door opened, and after a few seconds knew that strange steps were ascending the stairs. The expected visitor had come. Godfrey Marlow's face took a satisfied expression as he waited, murmuring, "It is Charles. He has come at my bidding; and for once my judgment has wronged him." (To be continued.)

TRADITIONAL SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM.

IN the pathetic speech in which St. Paul bade farewell to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, who were to see his face no more, after appealing to their knowledge of his disinterested labours among them—"I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel: ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities"—he affirms that he had always taught them to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he used to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, when and where did the Lord Jesus say that? "There lives no record of reply." The saying is not contained in any one of the Gospels. St. Paul is not quoting any Scripture, but an oral tradition. Nor do the Gospels give, or profess to give, a complete narrative of all that Jesus said or did. They simply profess to set forth in order the things which were most commonly and surely believed in the infant Church. Indeed, the last Gospel, in its last verse, warns us that Jesus both did and said many things which are not recorded. In his splendid hyperbole, St. John states the reason which compelled selection, alleging that if all the sayings and actions of Christ "should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Many sayings of the Lord Jesus must therefore have been familiar to the apostles, and have been current in the primitive Church, which are not to be found in the sacred records. The words which St. Paul made his constant theme at Ephesus composed one such saying—the only one, I believe—which adorns the subsequent pages of the New Testament.

But are none other of these sayings to be recovered? Were there no good men in the primitive Church to gather up the fragments of our Lord's speech, that nothing might be lost? The answer to that question is a somewhat singular one, and not what we might have expected. There were good men—disciples who sat at the feet of John, Peter, Paul—men such as Barnabas, Polycarp, Ignatius, Clement—and who gathered from apostolic lips many words spoken by Jesus which have not come down to us. And these men, and their

immediate disciples, wrote books which, in whole or in part, are in our hands. Yet, while from their writings we might almost replace the entire Gospel story had the inspired records been lost, they make hardly any additions to it. Now and then they attribute words to the Lord Jesus which are not contained in the sacred narrative; but for the most part they are simply repetitions, slightly varied, of sayings that are contained in the Gospels; or they are quotations made from memory, and therefore slightly varying from the original. Hardly a score sayings of the Lord Jesus not included in the New Testament can now be recovered from the writings of the bishops and fathers of the primitive Church, from all the writings of all the holy men who lived for two centuries after Christ's death. On about a score of these sayings, however, scholars are pretty well agreed that they may be accepted as genuine; they assure us that in all probability they were uttered by the Lord Jesus, although, like the saying quoted by St. Paul, they are nowhere recorded in the Gospels. Of these we shall briefly glance at about one half.

The traditional saying of the Lord Jesus most frequently used by the Christian writers of the apostolic time, and the times immediately following that of the apostles, is this:—"Be ye good [or approved] money-changers." This saying was in great vogue. That it is genuine is well-nigh beyond a doubt. It is applied in various ways. Some of the early bishops of the Church use it, for instance, to illustrate St. Paul's maxim, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Try, they say, all dogmas, spirits, prophecies; ring them like coin, and keep only those which ring true. This is what the Lord Jesus meant when he said, "Be ye good money-changers." Others find a deeper meaning in the words, and these say: To every man the Lord distributes talents according to his several ability: and the secret of life is to so invest and expend these talents that, at his coming, he may receive his own again with usury, and that we may receive the reward of those who have wisely traded with their talents and made them more. Let us, therefore, listen to the Lord, and show ourselves approved money-changers.

A second traditional saying is given in these

two forms:—"In whatsoever I find you (said our Lord Jesus Christ), in that will I judge you;" and again, "Such as I find thee, will I judge thee (saith the Lord)." In both forms it is in strict accordance with the rule of Divine judgment which pervades the whole Bible. Everywhere we are taught that we shall receive according to the deeds done in the body; that what we are will determine what we are to be.

In St. Matthew's Gospel we are taught that Jesus wrought miracles of healing in order "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet: Himself bare our infirmities, and carried our sicknesses." Origen simply gives us an expansion and illustration of this passage in words which he attributes to the Lord Jesus: "Jesus saith: For the sick, I was sick; for the hungry, I hungered; and for the thirsty, I suffered thirst."

Or again, what can be in more perfect harmony with our Saviour's warning, that only as we take up the cross can we follow him, than another saying—a saying attributed to the Lord Jesus by no less a person than Barnabas? "Those who are fain to see me, and to lay hold of my kingdom, must receive me in sorrow and much affliction."

There are some words which have the very ring of the Gospel in them, and on which, if at least we are good money-changers, we shall not fail to discern the image and superscription of the Great King. Such a saying one of the early fathers heard from St. Matthew. The Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "Be ye never joyful except when ye look on your brother in love," a saying which breathes the very spirit of Christian charity.

We are all familiar with the command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and a saying attributed to Christ by more than one of the fathers cannot, therefore, be strange to us in the spirit, if the letter be new: "Ask the great things, and the little things shall be added unto you; ask also the heavenly things, and the earthly shall be added unto you."

Judgment begins at the house of God. Only through much tribulation can we enter the kingdom of God. Of these old truths, which we have had from the beginning, we have a new illustration in a noble proverbial saying, which, in one of two forms, many of the early disciples received as from the lips of Jesus himself: "He that is near me is near the fire; and he that is far from me is far from the kingdom." And again: "Near the sword, near God; far from the sword, far from God." And, indeed, the sword and the fire are very close neighbours to Christ—the sword that separates us from fleshly lusts, and the fire which purges away our sins.

In St. Matthew we read: "Whosoever will be

great among you, let him be your servant; and whosoever will be first among you, let him be your slave: even as the Son of man came not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life a ransom for the many." To this passage an ancient MS. copy of the Gospel adds: "And seek ye to increase from little, and from greater to be less." The genuineness of this saying is commonly admitted; certainly it is quite in the heavenly manner. It is just one of those deep enigmatical sayings, of which so many fell from the lips of Him who spoke in parables. Its meaning seems to be: if you are "little" in the world's esteem or in the Church's esteem, and have but a few talents, seek to make them more, to become "great," by heartily serving God and man; and if you are "great" in gifts or in repute, humble yourselves to lowly services, and use your gifts to help the weak and little.

Another of these traditional sayings connects itself with the Gospel of St. Luke. In that Gospel we read (chap. vi. 1—4) that, as Jesus and his disciples went through the corn-fields on a certain Sabbath, the Twelve plucked ears of corn, rubbed out the kernels, and ate them. To this the Pharisees took objection, as a violation of the Sabbath laws. Jesus answers their objection by citing the example of David, how he, when on the service of God, went into the tabernacle on the Sabbath, and ate the shewbread, which "it was not lawful for him to eat." To this answer the ancient MS. to which we owe the previous saying, adds that, "On the same day he (Jesus) saw a certain man working on the Sabbath, and said to him, Blessed art thou, O man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest; but cursed art thou if thou knowest not, and a transgressor of the law." Here, again, we have the record of a fact which probably transpired, of words which probably proceeded out of our Lord's mouth. And, assuming it to be an accurate account, it is easy to see how naturally it falls in with the story told by St. Luke. Jesus led his disciples through the fields, as also he wrought many of his miracles, on the Hebrew Sabbath, in order to rebuke the rigid, formal, hypocritical sabbatarianism of the Jews; in order to teach them that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. And if, while making his protest against their formalism, he saw a man making the same protest, "working on the Sabbath," to show that he also refused to be bound by law when God had made him free, it was surely natural that Christ should recognise a fellow-labourer in the cause of truth. On the other hand, the man may have been very far from claiming spiritual freedom or protesting against the current bondage to formalism; he may have been working on the Sabbath only out of greed, or self-will, or irreligion; and in that case, was it not natural that Christ should rebuke his transgression?

Suppose the man to have known what he was doing, and he was doing a good work, and would be "blessed" in his deed. Suppose him not to have known, to have meant no protest against the rigid letterism of the Pharisees, and he was doing an evil work, and provoking the curse as a transgressor of the law.

Here, then, are nine of the traditional sayings of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by far the weightiest of those which are thought to have been uttered by him. Here are a few out of the multitude of words which could not be written in the Gospels, lest the books should grow so big that the world itself could not hold them. And what are they worth? In one sense they are of the greatest value; in another sense they are of no value at all. They are of the greatest value to us since we would not willingly

let any word of Christ die—since every saying of his must contain a rich wisdom from which we may enlarge our wealth. They are of no value at all in this sense—that they add nothing, nothing essential, to the Gospel story. They do not supply any new truth, they simply repeat and illustrate old truths. They do not enlarge, they simply confirm our conceptions, both of the Divine Speaker and of the words which proceeded out of his mouth. Curious and valuable as they are, and dear to the Christian heart for the sake of Him who uttered them, the Gospel of our salvation is complete without them. It teaches the very truths they teach in other and more perfect forms, and gives us all we need to know in order that we may be established in the truth and grace of Christ Jesus the Lord.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT'S shades are round me creeping,
Nature dons her robe of grey;
Through the blue the stars are peeping,
Sunset's last faint streaks decay.

Visions come of bygone hours,
E'er these eyes were dimmed by tears;
Youth's bright scenes enwreathed with flowers,
Dimly seen through mist of years.

Softly through the summer gloaming
Steals this picture of the past;
Through the wood the breeze is moaning,
Moonbeams round their shadows cast.

By the murmuring, flowing river
Sits a maiden waiting there;
Graven on my heart for ever
Is that form of beauty rare.

Vows are plighted, love is given,
Trusting love without alloy,
And the calm blue starry heaven
Whispers but of truth and joy!

By the murmuring, flowing river,
Where the shore the waters lave,
Now the moonbeams fall and quiver
On a green and lonely grave!

Token sad of fond love slighted,
Of a rose cut down in bloom;
Of a fair young blossom blighted
All too lovely for the tomb.

Softly through the summer gloaming
Sighs the breeze a requiem low,
And my sad heart, ever moaning,
Answers to its tones of woe!

PETER KOPPLESTOCK,

THE FERRYMAN OF BRILL. BY W. H. G. KINGSTON, AUTHOR OF "AT THE SOUTH POLE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PETER KOPPLESTOCK was in despair. He had in vain attempted to obtain an interview with his young niece, or to send her any message. The prisoners were so strictly watched that he was unable even to send her a message. Her death and that of her worthy father seemed sealed. Peter in despair returned to his post; it was time for him to be ready to ferry passengers across the river. He had taken one party across, and was returning once more to Brill, when down the river a fleet of several large vessels was seen standing up towards the town. Peter watched them with interest. That they were

not merchant vessels, he was well aware. They were not Spanish ships either. He came to the conclusion, therefore, that they must be the Beggars of the Sea. Concealing his own feelings, he informed his passengers, who wished to know his opinions. They were the powerful fleet of those redoubted rovers, and there could be little doubt that they had come up to attack Brill. By the time he had fully worked upon the fears of his passengers, they arrived at the landing-place on the side of the city. Instantly the whole party rushed up towards the town, spreading the alarming information they had received. He told them also that for their sakes he would venture down the river, and try and ascertain more particulars.

Some urged him not to run so great a risk. He laughingly answered that it mattered little, that they could but hang him if he was caught, and that many an honest man was every day suffering a worse fate than that, thanks to the Duke of Alva.

Peter rowed away down the river as hard as he could urge on his boat. As he approached the fleet he was more convinced than ever that he was right. The first vessel he hailed was commanded, he was told by, William de Blois, Seigneur of Treslong, a noble, whose brother had been executed by the Duke of Alva, and who had himself fought by the side of Count Louis at Yemmingen, where he was desperately wounded.

Kopplestock was an old acquaintance of his, and was immediately recognised. Treslong welcomed him warmly; he was the very man he wished to meet. Peter, nothing loth, communicated at once the events going forward in the city, and urged an immediate attack. Here was a means, he hoped, of saving his friends.

"Depend upon it we are not anxious to delay, for the honest truth is, we have scarcely a piece of biscuit or a lump of cheese remaining on board any of the ships in the fleet. Our fellows are literally starving, and land we must, somewhere or other, and forage for food. However, come, my friend, we will go on board the admiral's ship, and hear what he says to the proposal of an immediate attack."

Treslong, getting into Peter's boat, proceeded forthwith to the ship of Admiral de la Marck. The first person Peter caught sight of on board was Diedrich Meghem. Even Peter thought he had never seen a wilder set of ruffians than the crew of the flagship, but they were all far surpassed by the admiral himself. His hair was long and shaggy, his beard hung down over his chest, joined by his whiskers, pendant from his cheeks, while his huge moustache projected out far on either side. He was in no ways loth to attack the place. "My jolly Beggars will soon make themselves masters of the town," he observed; "but as you wish it, Treslong, we will see what diplomacy will do first. Who will take a message to the magistrates of the city?"

"Our worthy friend Peter Kopplestock will do so," observed Treslong. "Here, take my ring; it will accredit you as our envoy. If the town will surrender, we promise to treat all the inhabitants with consideration and tenderness; if not, they must take the consequences."

Peter, receiving further directions, jumped into his boat, and hurried back towards the town.

The hour for the execution of the condemned heretics was approaching. If he could work upon the fears of the Inquisitor, they might yet be saved.

While Peter is rowing with all his might up towards Brill, the sudden appearance of the ships of the Sea-beggars must be accounted for. The fleet of

De la Marck had been lying for some time in different ports in the south of England, sallying forth occasionally and making prizes of Spanish ships. It was the policy of Queen Elizabeth and her Government at this time to remain at peace; and the Duke of Alva's commissioners had been urging on her that the continued countenance afforded by the English to the Beggars of the Sea, must inevitably lead to a war with Spain. Towards the end of March, therefore, De la Marck received a peremptory order from Elizabeth to quit the shores of England, while her subjects were forbidden to supply them with meat, bread, beer, or any other necessaries. The rover fleet set sail, therefore, from Dover, on one of the last days in March, with scarcely any provisions on board. They stood over, accordingly, towards the coast of Zealand; and finally entered, as has been described, the river Meuse.

Peter quickly reached the town, and pushed through the crowd of inhabitants, who came round him, asking him all sorts of questions, to none of which he would reply, except to say that a large force of the Water-beggars, some thousands, as far as he could tell, were about to enter the city, and cut all their throats if they were opposed, or if they found that any of their friends had been injured.

"Take care what the Inquisitors are about," he added. "If these people whom they have condemned to death are executed, depend upon it the Water-beggars will put every man and woman in the place to death. Just see about that matter."

Pushing on, he made his appearance in the town-house, where the magistrates were assembled. He told them that he had been sent by the fierce Admiral De la Marck, and by Treslong, who was well known to them; that two commissioners on the part of the city should be sent out to confer with them. He had to assure them that the deputies would be courteously treated, and he was ordered to say that the only object of those who had sent him was to free the land, and to overthrow the tyranny of the Spaniards.

"And how many men under him has De la Marck, do you think?" asked the chief magistrate.

"It would be difficult for me to count them," answered Peter, carelessly, "considering I only saw some of their ships; but there are probably some five thousand in all, more or less; but they are desperate fellows, and equal to twice the number of ordinary mortals."

On hearing this, the magistrates made long faces at each other.

"It is clear that we cannot resist such a force," observed one; "but what shall we do? Shall we negotiate, or shall we fly?"

"In my opinion, it would be judicious to do both," observed a sagacious old burgher. "We should negotiate in order to gain time to run away."

"But which two men will be found to proceed to



(Drawn by H. PATERSON.)

"By the murmuring, flowing river
Sits a maiden waiting there"—p. 375.

the rebel fleet as our envoys?" asked another. "It is an honourable post, is no one ready to fill it?"

There seemed a great likelihood of the negotiations breaking down for want of envoys to carry them on. At this juncture Caspar Gaill made his appearance in the court-house.

"I will go," he said, "on one condition: that the executions which were to take place this morning are suspended. If we put to death the fellow-religionists of these people, they are not likely to treat us with much mercy."

The justice of Caspar's remark was at once seen; and in spite of the protestations of the Inquisitor and the other priests, that it would be impious to take their victims out of the hands of the Church, the magistracy decided that the criminals should be immediately respited.

"If we determine on fighting, and put the enemy to flight, you holy fathers may then execute due punishment on the heretics," observed one of the magistrates; "but, in the meantime, we prefer not to subject ourselves to the rage of these desperate freebooters."

Peter quickly persuaded another friend to accompany him on board the fleet, and, rowed by Peter, they proceeded on board the admiral's ship. It was there the rivals met. Caspar, before entering the admiral's cabin, had just time to exchange a few words with Diedrich.

"I resign Gretchen to you," he whispered; "I am not worthy of her. I acted a vile and treacherous part, and was very nearly the cause of the destruction of her and her father. They are now, I trust, safe; unless those vile priests prove treacherous. At all events there is no time to be lost in hastening on shore, that they may be completely rescued from their power."

As soon as the message of the magistrates was received, the sailors quickly leaped into their boats, and hastened on shore. The rovers were divided into two parties. One, under Treslong, made an attack upon the southern gates; while the other, commanded by the admiral, advanced upon the northern. The governor of the city, it appeared, had not agreed to the proposals of the magistrates, and had made preparations to resist their entrance. Hungry men, especially of the character of the sea-rovers, are not likely to be stopped by trifles. Treslong and his followers forthwith attacked the gates with great fury. Just at the moment that they forced an entrance, the governor of the city was endeavouring to take his departure. He was, however, arrested by the rovers. Meantime De la Marek and his men, lighting a huge fire at the northern gate, rigged a battering-ram, formed out of a ship's mast; and as the fire burned the wood of the gates, they commenced battering away with might and main. The gate quickly gave way; and, dashing the embers of the fire aside, the bold sailors, sword in hand, rushed into

the town, and speedily found themselves masters of the place. Among those who had accompanied Treslong was Diedrich Meghem. Peter Kopplestock had kept by his side. A choice band of seamen had followed Diedrich.

"Follow me, lads," he exclaimed, as soon as they were inside the gates; "our first work must be to set the prisoners of the Inquisition free."

He and Peter rushed on, followed by a party of seamen. The Inquisitors and monks endeavoured to prevent their entrance. The doors were very soon battered in. Gretchen, who expected every instant to be led forth to execution, was on her knees in her cell. She heard the noise, little suspecting the cause. At that moment the door opened, and a monk appeared. She looked up, and beheld the stern features of Father Quixada. There was a glance in his eye which made her tremble.

"Have you come to lead me to death?" she asked.

"No, I would give you your liberty; follow me."

"No; I will not," she exclaimed, regarding him with a look of horror.

He rushed forward, and seized her by the arm, and was dragging her along the passage, when footsteps were heard approaching; and the ray of sunlight which streamed along the passage fell on a party of men who were hurrying through it. Their leader was Diedrich Meghem. With a cry of joy, Gretchen, tearing herself from the grasp of the monk, darted forward towards another part of the prison. The patriot seamen soon discovered the cell in which the merchant Hopper was confined, and he and all the other prisoners were quickly liberated. A large number of the citizens had escaped; but several monks and priests who had remained in the convent were captured, as well as the governor and some other civil authorities. Admiral De la Marek took possession of the town in the name of the Prince of Orange. Thus the weary spirit of freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, at length found a resting-place; and the foundation of the Dutch Republic was laid in the little city of Brill. No indignity was offered to the inhabitants of either sex, and all those who remained were treated with consideration. The captors, however, took possession of the best houses, and very naturally made themselves at home. The inclination to plunder the churches, however, could not long be restrained. The altars and images were destroyed, while the rich furniture and the gorgeous vestments of the priests were appropriated by the rovers. Adam van Haren, who commanded one of the ships, appeared on his vessel's deck attired in a magnificent high mass chasuble; while his seamen dressed themselves up in the various other vestments which the Romish clergy had been wont to wear on their grand festivals. So great was the hatred of the admiral for everything connected with the Church of Rome, that thirteen unfortunate monks and priests, including Father Quixada, who

had been taken prisoners, were, by his orders, a few days after the capture of the city, executed in the very way that they had intended to put to death the victims of the Inquisition. Caspar Gaill joined the fleet of De la Marek, and was soon afterwards killed in an action with some Spanish ships. In spite of

Duke Alva's attempt to retake Brill, the city remained ever afterwards faithful to the Prince of Orange. Diedrich and Gretchen were the first persons united according to the Protestant form in Brill, after its capture, and their descendants have ever been among its most respected inhabitants.

DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL.

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S., HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN, AND MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.



T is not always easy to evoke at will the fugitive impressions of memory—a faculty of all others the most capricious, and the most liable to be modified by surrounding circumstances. Yet during the intense cold of this winter day, while the air without is dense with feathery snow-flakes, and a white world lies round us on every side, I must endeavour to recall the light and warmth, the glowing colours and floral wealth, the burning sunlight and the purple shadows of the plain of Jezreel and the mountains of Zabulon, as I saw them on one of my happiest days in the Holy Land in April last.

Engannim, "the fountain of gardens," lies on the northern slope of the mountain of Ephraim; and it is from the heights above it that the traveller will catch his first view of the far-famed "plain of Jezreel," or, as it is more commonly called from the Greek form of the name, "the plain of Esdraelon."

The history of nations is decided to an enormous extent by their physical features; and this plain, which, from its position, has inevitably become "the battle-field of Palestine," is rendered interesting by a series of events which from age to age have determined the fortunes of the Holy Land. It was the scene of Barak's victory over the iron chariots of Jabin; and it was in the many affluents of the Kishon that the horse-hoofs of Sisera's cavalry were broken "by reason of the prancings—even the prancings of his mighty ones" (Judges iv. v.). It was the scene of that memorable panic among the Midianites, when Gideon burst upon them at midnight with his victorious war-shout, with the blaze of torches and the blast of trumpets (Judges vi.). It was here that the spear of Saul and the bow of Jonathan were driven back before the Philistines (1 Sam. xxviii.). It was up one of the lateral valleys which lead to it that the watchman from the tower of Jezreel saw the chariot of Jehu whirling furiously in advance of his eager followers, a little before the two kings went out to meet him, and he shot his arrow through the

heart of Joram, and drove the wounded Ahaziah before him to Engannim (2 Kings ix.). It was here that Josiah, going to fight with the King of Egypt, was fatally wounded, and carried in his chariot to Megiddo (2 Chron. xxxv.). It was here that the Romans fixed one of those military stations which kept *Judea captiva* in due subjection.* It is here that St. John places the scenery of that mystic final battle between the armies of the Dragon and of the Lamb—the great battle of Armageddon, or of "the city of Megiddo" (Rev. xvi. 16). It was here that the Knights Templars made one of their crusading strongholds. It was here, at El-Fûleh, or the Castle of the Bear, in what is usually called "the battle of Mount Tabor," that Kleber, Napoleon's general, in 1799, with only 3,000 men, held out against 30,000 Turks, cavalry and infantry, in the open plain, until in the evening Napoleon rescued him.

Nor is the plain of Esdraelon wanting in more peaceful memories, which recall the glories of the Northern kingdom. The mountain-wall which guards its southern border was the frontier of Samaria. The plain itself was a part of Galilee, and belonged exclusively to the tribe of Issachar. The wealth and luxuriance of such a possession, contrasting so strongly with the barren limestone hills of Judah and Benjamin and Manasseh, told unfavourably on the character of the tribe. When Nature is too bountiful, man grows too languid. Issachar became "an ass, crouching between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and bowed his shoulder to war, and became a servant unto tribute." The mountain of Zabulon on the north, and Manasseh on the south, formed, as it were, his double panniers, and his name became more and more insignificant in sacred story. It was in the eastern centre of the plain that the house of Omri fixed their beautiful summer residence at the town, which, under the names of Jezreel, Esdraelon,

* This fact is still witnessed to, by the modern name of Megiddo, a poor village, now called El-Lejjûn, a corruption of "Lexio"—a word, which, as we see from the Gospels, was terribly familiar to Jewish ears.

Zerin, has always been regarded as the chief landmark of the region. It was across this plain, from west to east, that Elijah, with his loins girt, ran, in wild Arab fashion, before the chariot of Ahab, when, after the three years' drought, there was "a sound of abundance of rain." It was across it, from west to east, that the woman of Shunem hurried, on the evening of that burning day on which her son had been killed by sun-stroke, to tell Elisha of her loss; and from his home on the purple ridge of Carmel, Elisha returned with her to restore that son to life. Above all, it was across this rich plain that the sacred feet of Christ must have passed so often, when, on his journeys from Galilee to Judea, he descended from his familiar native hills, and "must needs pass through Samaria."

The plain, alas! is rich no longer, except with such riches as untended Nature bestows upon it. It might be the corn-field of a nation, but it is only cultivated in patches, and that rudely, with such corn as may suffice for the sustenance of a thin and scattered population, and may be hid away from the raids of rapacious Bedawin in subterranean cisterns and granaries. Every peasant you meet in the neighbourhood of Zerin is armed. Even the young shepherd-boys, as they walk at the head of the sheep, which follow them in a long string, all carry an old brass-bound match-lock, or, failing that, at least a heavy club-headed stick. There could be no more palpable sign of the utter insecurity of the country, as it languishes in uninterrupted decay under the withering curse of Turkish rule. All these Bedawin forays; all this ignoble, petty, pilfering brigandage; all these reckless quarrels and century-old blood-feuds; all this oppressive sense of misery and despair; all these proofs of indifference, apathy, and squalor, would disappear in ten years' time under the care of a vigorous government, or the wise yet iron-handed rule of any gifted and determined man. As I have said already, if France or England only had fair and full possession of Syria for fifty years, I can well imagine that by the end of that time it would be a perfect paradise, flowing almost literally with milk and honey—one of the most lovely, thriving, and delicious countries in the world.

There are but few maps, except those in Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," from which any real conception of the outlines of this famous plain of Esdraelon can be derived. Yet its true configuration is not difficult to understand. The physical geography of Palestine is, in its general features, very simple. It forms a triple band—the maritime plain, the hill-country, and the Jordan valley; beyond which, again, are the mountains of the Transjordanic tribes. Along the Mediterranean shore runs a long level strip of land—the "Shefelah," or low country—the plains

of Philistia and of Sharon, unbroken up to the point at which the bold ridge of Carmel runs out obliquely into the sea. On the east is the deep, strange trough of the Jordan valley, called by the natives *El Ghôr*, or "the hollow." The whole central band of Palestine, between the Shefelah and the Ghôr, is a continuous range of limestone hills, whose course at Engannim begins to trend to the westward. At this point, then, begins the plain of Esdraelon, which would stretch uninterrupted over the entire expanse between these mountains and those of Zabulon, were not its contour invaded by three elevated masses, which may be considered as disjointed continuations of the central range. Two of these, Gilboa and Little Hermon (called by the natives *Jebel-ed-Dukhy*), project laterally into the plain, in directions almost parallel to that of the Carmel range; the third, Mount Tabor, stands more to the eastward, towards the Jordan valley, and is a round, isolated, oak-crowned hill. There are slight undulations all over the plain, on which stand the wretched villages which mark the sites of Taanach, Megiddo, Jezreel, and other places. The whole, as seen under favourable circumstances in early spring, forms a waving sea of verdure, picturesquely broken by the grey and stony slopes, but fine outlines, of the hills we have mentioned.

The reader must not suppose, when the Jordan valley is spoken of, that the river itself is visible. The traveller in Palestine hardly ever sees the Jordan. He constantly has in sight the range of mountains which rise beyond it, but the river itself rushes out of sight in its deep trough, only approachable by climbing down the deep cliffs which form the ravine. Since the river-level lies far below the surface of the Mediterranean, the heat of the Ghôr is intense. It is very unhealthy, and is said to produce a most deleterious effect on the character of the Arabs who inhabit it. When Bishop Heber talked, in his "Palestine," of

"The cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill,"

he could hardly have crowded a greater number of errors into a single line. The Jordan is liquid, certainly, but "health" is the last word with which to describe its influence; it is diametrically the reverse of smooth; and it is in no sense a rill.

We arrived at Zerin, or Jezreel, towards sunset, and made a detour, in order to ride round the spurs of Mount Gilboa to the famous spring of *Ain Jâlûd*. The name means "Fountain of Goliath"; but it is abundantly clear that this could not have been the scene of David's conflict with the giant, and that the spring is in reality the *Ain Harôd*, or "Spring of Trembling," at which Gideon gathered his men, and made the method of drinking its water a test of their worth (Judges vii.). It was here, too, that Saul encamped

before the disastrous battle which cost him his crown and his life. It is a delicious spring; and the cool water, clear as crystal, gushes out of the living rock, under a tangled veil of beautiful maidenhair, which sparkles with its pearly dew. We rode our tired horses through it, to their own and our delight; and we plucked some of the lovely ferns, as a reminiscence of the scene.

Following, in all probability, the line of Saul's flight, and possibly passing over the very spot where he and his nobler son fell fighting against terrible odds, and where the wandering Amalekite stripped the kingly corpse of its crown and armlets, we rode back over Mount Gilboa. To this day, as though in fulfilment of David's poetic curse, in that song which he called "The Bow," the scanty rain and dew falls only on grey and barren slopes, where there are no "fields of offerings" (1 Sam. xxxi.); and on one of the western spurs is the wretched, squalid hamlet which still bears, in a distorted form, the name of Jezreel. As we look at these few miserable huts (whose ill-behaved inhabitants crowd so curiously around

us that we think it quite as well to show that we are armed, by taking an occasional shot with our revolvers at some stray hoopoe or roller-bird), it is hard to recall how different Jezreel—"the sowing-place of God"—must have appeared when this beautiful height was crowned by the Tyrian temples and stately houses of Israel's apostate kings; when the plain below was rich and populous; when Ahab, from the flat roof of his "ivory palace," gazed with an envious eye on the rich vineyard of Naboth and the gardens underneath; when from the lattice, with her painted face and her tired head, the wicked Phœnician queen looked down on the furious chariot of Jehu, and when the long career of iniquity enacted in that blood-stained house ended in the dreadful tragedies of that queen's murder, and her burial in the maw of the wild dogs that prowled around—ended still more terribly in those two baskets piled up at the city gates with the ghastly heap of seventy youthful heads, which told that the doom of Elijah had fallen on that guilty race.

(To be continued.)

THREE HEROES.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

I HAVE a small friend who lives in London all the winter and goes to a day-school, and in the summer has two months' holiday and goes away with his parents and brothers and sisters to the sea-side.

My small friend is the youngest of a large family, and is several years younger than his next brother, who has a way of looking down upon my friend not gratifying to his vanity. He therefore amuses himself as best he may after his own fashion, and accordingly he has his own ideas of things in general.

If you asked my small friend his name, he would tell you, in a dignified way, "Reginald Marston Marmaduke Oliphant;" but nobody else ever calls him anything but "Reggy." Reggy collects expressions, ways of doing things, and thoughts from his father, brothers, and anybody whom he happens to come across; yet he is very independent in his ways, and somewhat peculiar in his likings and dislikings. Nevertheless, there is something most lovable about him; for with all his funny, strange ways and mischievous pranks, he is always careful to avoid giving pain to any one.

He has a great many live pets, most of them ugly and uninteresting-looking, and things which nobody else would have; and if either of his brothers and sisters get tired of a pet, or if any misfortune befall it, it is sure to be said amongst them, "Oh, give it to Reggy; he'll only be too delighted to get it."

And so he is, only he never shows his delight to his brothers and sisters, because he has a sort of instinct which tells him of the state of matters, and that he gets those things the rest won't have; but he never was known to refuse anything but once, and that was from a sort of pride. One of his pets, a mouse-coloured kitten with one eye and a lame leg, was killed by a hungry, rough little terrier belonging to Reggy's eldest brother. The dog was eating his dinner in the highly appreciative way in which only terriers can eat, and the mouse-coloured, one-eyed, lame-legged kitten came sidling up, brushing past stools, and getting nearer and nearer to the plate, and at last came dangerously close to it, and stood smoothing its coat against a chair leg, and turning up its nose, and making sharp little mews, and then putting out one paw to claw the carpet. The hungry terrier, who had been eating all the time quicker and quicker, and squinting the while ceaselessly at the kitten, rushed at it, and the poor little mouse-coloured animal was killed at once.

Reggy was very much troubled at its loss, and gave his opinion most candidly to his brother upon his dog's character; and not only that dog's, but every dog's, and said that dogs were the most horrid animals that ever were born, and that he "wouldn't have a dog, not ever, for anything."

Not very long afterwards a really pretty little dog was offered to him by a schoolfellow, and it was a sore trial to Reggy to refuse it; but he felt his

brother's eyes were on him, and for pride's sake he couldn't but decline it.

In course of time Reggy, like most people, altered his mind; and as this was in his sight a most serious and important thing, it will probably be better to relate how it came about. One evening Reggy went with his father to be measured for a new pair of boots. Now he and all his brothers and sisters were possessed of a rare talent for getting through a great number of pairs of boots, and the bootmaker, who had been making their boots for a long while, always had a pair in hand for one or the other of them. He was a queer, good-natured little German, and always had the most interesting stories to tell the boys.

As Reggy and his father entered the shop, the queer little man recognised them at once, and equally soon knew that another little pair of boots were to be put in hand; so he came forward smiling very much—in spite of having only three teeth left—and rubbing his hands, and saying, "Good evening."

By-and-by, after Reggy's father had explained how extraordinarily quickly the last pair of boots had worn out, the little, merry-looking bootmaker, whose name was Schmalz, began measuring Reggy's foot, and then inquired after the pet monkey; whereupon Reggy told him that the monkey had fallen amongst some glass ornaments in the drawing-room, and broken them to pieces, and then filled the pouches in his cheeks with the bits, and that for this and other like proceedings he had been sent to the Zoological Gardens. "But I've got a frog now," added Reggy, "which is ever so much nicer, and doesn't make such horrid faces at one; and it goes about in my pocket."

Mr. Schmalz was much interested, and inquired whether Reggy would not allow the frog to hop about, that he might see it; but Reggy seemed to think the frog might be offended at finding itself in a shoe-shop, and that perhaps it might hop into a shoe and never come out again; so the measuring went on, and Mr. Schmalz began: "I remember when I was in Germany——"

"I hope now," said Reggy's father, "that you will make these boots much stronger than the last, for it is really no use at all getting boots for that boy."

Mr. Schmalz assured him that they would be the best pair of boots that could be made, and then continued to Reggy: "I remember when I was at home in Germany I had a pet dog, who loved one like a human being; and I taught him to carry a coin to the tobacconist's, where they knew him, and where he bought me my tobacco, and never put down the coin from his mouth till he was presented with the usual little packet."

"Well, as time went on we all left our old home and lived in a town some twenty-five miles distant from it, and there I tried again to teach my dog to go to the new tobacconist's, and one evening, when I thought he knew the way, I sent him off with the

usual small coin, and waited for my tobacco; and I waited still, and waited, and my dog never returned, and at last I went to see after him, and heard that he had not gone to the tobacconist's after all. Then I was very anxious about my dog, and inquired everywhere for him, but nothing was to be heard, and I began to feel certain I should never see my dear old friend again; but on the morning of the second day, when I went to undo the shutters of the shop, there was my dog sitting before the door, with the usual little packet of tobacco, with the name and address of the old shop in the other town on it. Dear dog! he had been all the way there and back to fetch it from the old place. He was very tired and hungry, but you can imagine what a dinner he got."

Reggy was enchanted with this story, for he loved animals with all his heart, and had studied and knew more about them than many an older person, and he then begged to be told some more things this dog had done, and whether Mr. Schmalz still had him.

No; Mr. Schmalz had not got him now, but he had come to England with him—indeed, in the very coming to England there was a story to be told. It seemed that in the bustle of leaving Boulogne by the steamer the dog had got separated from his master, and the boat started, leaving the dog on the quay, and by-and-by both master and dog found out what had happened, and were equally inconsolable, and for some day or two Mr. Schmalz remained at Folkestone, feeling perfectly certain that the dog would follow him by one of the steamers; and so he eventually did, but not by the first steamer that came; he waited until the very steamer his master had travelled by was again leaving the quay, and he got on board that and came over to England, where his master, still on the look out for him, found him.

Reggy, with flushed cheeks, wanted to know if he could make acquaintance with that dog, but he had been dead some years.

From this time Mr. Schmalz would be a different person in Reggy's eyes. A master that could be so loved by a dog must at least understand animals, and therefore be worthy of being respected. "Good night, Mr. Schmalz," said Reggy. "When you bring the boots home, mind you ask for me, and you shall see all the animals."

"Good night, Mr. Schmalz," said Reggy's father, "and mind those boots are extra strong."

"Papa," said Reggy, "may I have a dog?"

"No, certainly not; you have too many animals now," said his father.

Reggy was bitterly disappointed, but immediately his active mind began turning over thoughts and plans, and just before they arrived at their own door he began, "Papa, if I keep my new boots good and nice for a month, may I have a dog?"

"No, not if they were good for two months."

"Might I if they were good for three?" continued Reggy.

"Ah, we might see about that," said his father, laughing; "there is not much probability of anything being left of them by that time."

However, Reggy went and told his mamma there and then that papa had said he would see about getting him a dog if he wore the new boots for three months.

His mamma smiled and shook her head, and looked at Reggy in a way which plainly showed she did not think the promise in much danger of being fulfilled.

So Reggy instantly said, "Well, you'll see that I shall get the dog."

"I am sure I do not know if it would do, if you did get the dog. What would Fogey say?"

"Oh, Fogey would like it very much, I should think." This statement was probably doubtful, for Fogey was a very old pet dog, whose real name had been Neptune, but long ago had received from some of Reggy's brothers the name of Fogey—from its extreme old age it was supposed.

However, time went on, and the new boots arrived, and before they had been in the house five minutes Reggy had disappeared, to insert a private note in a certain wonderful pocket-book which he had made himself, and the contents of which were never seen by mortal eye save his own. What was in it was a mystery, but now and then Reggy would abruptly bring up and relate some old home story which everybody else had forgotten, and some said that it came out of Reggy's pocket-book.

For some time after this there was very bad weather, and very little going out, and even when the weather mended and Reggy went out of doors, he never had to be reminded to change his boots when he came in; he was never even observed sitting for hours on his heels, thereby turning up the toes of his boots into ugly shapes; and once his third brother actually found Reggy in the scullery, questioning the kitchen-maid as to the manner in which she cleaned boots in general, his in particular, and telling her of a new way he had read of which was far superior to the old way, and on which subject he was reading most impressively from an open book in his hand.

It was therefore, and for other reasons, too, no secret to his family that Reggy was taking care of his boots in a manner never before heard of.

Probably there is some truth in the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," for certainly at the end of three months Reggy's boots were still in existence. They were not very grand, but there they were, and wearable. On the day that the three months were up, Reggy searched out his queer little pocket-book and consulted it—not that there was any occasion to do so, for he perfectly well knew all it contained, but the result was he was in the highest spirits for the rest of the day.

Nobody else knew why, or thought anything about it, but a day or two went on and Reggy began to be anxious because nothing was mentioned either of

boots or dog, and his pride would not permit of his saying anything about it.

When a week after the time had passed, and they were all sitting round the fire one evening, Reggy with a birdcage containing a moulting bird on his knee, he sighed and said, "Dear me, how time passes! it is quite wonderful. What ages it seems since Mr. Schmalz told us the stories about that dear dog of his!"

"Ah," said his father, "I suppose you will soon be wanting to go there again; you never were so long without boots before."

"Oh, I've got them still," said Reggy, eagerly.

"You don't mean to say there is anything left of them?" said his father.

"Yes, papa; wait a moment. I will show them to you," and off raced Reggy, not forgetting to place the cage in safety before he went. By-and-by, with flushed cheeks, he came running in, bearing his boots on high, so as to exhibit the wonderful sight.

"Really," said his father, "that is an improvement. You will not want any for a little while longer. Take them up-stairs; don't leave them there."

Reggy waited a few minutes, hoping that his father would recollect his part of the promise, but not a word was said, and Reggy carried the boots up-stairs, feeling somewhat as if he were choking the while. And as he went to bed that night he thought himself the most miserable of little boys; but this only shows what little right we have to think such things, for at this very moment his mamma was reminding his papa of all that had been said and half-promised three months before, and how very much he had been reckoning upon it.

"I had forgotten all about it," said his father. "Poor dear boy, how disappointed he must have been! But he shall have a dog. It won't make much difference to me, only I expect Fogey will not like it."

PART II

FOR two days Reggy was as wretched as he had ever been in his life. He almost disliked his other pets, the frog not excepted; he would not play, and could not eat, and nobody could imagine what was the matter with him. But on the evening of the second day his papa called him and told him to go up to his bedroom, that something had come for him, and had been taken there for him.

Soon after this a great shout was heard all over the house, and, in less time than it takes to tell, Reggy was tearing into the dining-room, bearing the liveliest dog ever seen. He was not a very young dog, and had been taught all manner of tricks by his old master, a friend of Reggy's father, who was going abroad, and wished to find a home for his dog.

Reggy's delight is more easily imagined than

described, and everybody admired the new dog—every one, with the exception of Fogey; and on first introduction there was a serious battle, which might have terminated badly for Fogey, who was getting feeble, had they not been separated; and mamma said great care must be taken in future to avoid this, for Fogey was an old pet, and she would not have him hurt for anything.

This threw somewhat of a damper over the first pleasure, and Reggy carried off his dog to solitude, and the next time he was seen he told everybody whom it might concern that the new dog's name was to be Nebuchadnezzar, and that he had his own reasons for giving him this name.

Time went on, and the new dog soon got to know who was his master, and to be very much attached to him; but this was gradually, for Nebuchadnezzar was not a very young dog, and his character was as peculiar as his master's. It was supposed, too, that he had never been accustomed to living in the same house with another dog, because his every look in Fogey's direction was a hostile one, and great care had to be taken to prevent battles, for which poor Fogey had not the strength.

When once Nebuchadnezzar began to love his odd little master his attachment knew no bounds, and Reggy was always more happy in the society of his dog than in that of his brothers and sisters, and the only drawback to Nebuchadnezzar's felicity was his excessive jealousy of all his master's other pets and of Fogey.

Nothing would have been wanting to ensure perfect felicity, had it not been for Nebuchadnezzar's temper, and his jealousy of Fogey; and several times the poor old dog had been bitten and frightened, much to the indignation of Reggy's mamma, who was very fond of her old pet; and poor Reggy was in despair as to what was to be done. Do what he would, he could not cure Nebuchadnezzar's jealousy.

One day, after one of these fights, Reggy had a long talk with his youngest sister, whose opinion he respected more than that of any of his other brothers and sisters; and she was of opinion that Reggy ought to send Nebuchadnezzar away.

Reggy thought perhaps she was right, only he couldn't possibly do it: he could not live without Nebuchadnezzar. And slowly he went down-stairs, one step at a time, thinking over things. As he came to the last step, old Fogey came slowly waddling past him, and Nebuchadnezzar growled and showed his teeth as he passed.

"Nebuchadnezzar, bad dog!" said Reggy, hastily; but Nebuchadnezzar only continued growling. So, without pausing to think again, Reggy took his cap from the stand, and his overcoat, and calling Nebuchadnezzar, he walked away.

That evening Reggy's mamma said, "Where is Nebuchadnezzar? I have not seen him this evening."

"I took him to Mary's, mamma." (Mary was an

old nurse, who was married.) "I thought, as he didn't agree with Fogey, he had better wait there. Perhaps Fogey will die some day, as he is very old, and then he might come back; and Mary will take care of him. By-the-bye—the frog!"

And Reggy rushed out of the room. He did not tell any one what it had cost him to part from his dog, or how much he disliked Fogey in consequence, or that Mary was to have all Reggy's pocket-money for Nebuchadnezzar's keep. His mamma guessed a good deal of this, however, and it was not lost upon her.

And as time went on, Fogey naturally did begin to get very old and feeble, and at last became so hopelessly ill that he had to be poisoned. This happened at the time of Reggy's next visit to his cousins; and when he arrived at home again, the very first to greet him at the door was Nebuchadnezzar; and we are rather afraid that, in consequence of this, Reggy was not sufficiently grieved at Fogey's death.

Nebuchadnezzar's temper is much improved, and he never bites at all now. One thing is, there is no dog in the house for him to bite. But nobody wants another dog; all agree alike, that Nebuchadnezzar is a host in himself. J. HERING.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

110. In the catalogue of the names given by the prophet (Isa. ix. 6) to our Lord, there is a reference to one of the historical books, on the name "Wonderful." Quote the passage, and give the marginal reading.

111. Our Lord says to his disciples, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand." Mention a parable which his hearers (exclusive of his disciples) evidently *did* understand.

112. What remarkable prophecy of himself did our Lord quote at the Last Supper?

113. Besides the direct testimony of St. John, adduce a collateral proof that Jesus worked other miracles than those recorded in the Gospels.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 352.

101. He put out his eyes (2 Kings xxv. 7), and so unconsciously fulfilled the prophecy in Ezek. xii. 13.

102. It means the place of a skull, so called from its resemblance to a skull; therefore it must have had an elevation.

103. John iv. 42. "We have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

104. John xii. 3. In Bethany, Mary, sister of Lazarus, anointed his feet. Mark xiv. 3. In Bethany a certain woman anointed his head just before his betrayal.